FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
EC
10¢
FEATURING

BAD 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

NO. 8
AUG

2.00
2.75
CANADA

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

CRYPT #1

CRYPT #2

CRYPT #3

CRYPT #4

CRYPT #5

CRYPT #6

W SCI #1

W SCI #2

W SCI #3

W SCI #4

W SCI #5

W SCI #6

SHOCK #1

SHOCK #2

SHOCK #3

SHOCK #4

SHOCK #5

SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR. IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES.

OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE: **VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** AND **CRIMS!** THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO **SUBSCRIBE** TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **32-PG TITLE ISSUS #7.** FOR EXAMPLE "**32PG SHOCK #1.**" 32PG CRYPT #1, $3 EACH (SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY). ALL OTHERS UP THRU #3, $1.50 EACH. ALL TITLES ISSUE #4 AND UP $2 EACH. INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($10 OUTSIDE US).

SEND ORDERS TO: US FUNDS ONLY. MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 8.225% SALES TAX.

RUSS COCHRAN, PUBLISHER 417-256-2224 POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!!

Haunt of Fear (USPS 009308) Vol. 1, No. 6, August 1994, published quarterly in November, February, May and August by Russ Cochran, Publisher, 202 Ald, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1994 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Haunt of Fear #6 © 1951 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1965 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate $6 ($12 outside US, payable in US funds). Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: send address changes to Haunt of Fear, Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELCOME AGAIN, ALL MY DEAR LITTLE *FIENDS!* WELCOME AGAIN TO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* COME IN! COME IN! I'VE LIT THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* ONCE AGAIN, AND NOW ITS *EVIL BREW* IS *BUBBLING* AND *STEAMING!* JUST SIT YOURSELVES DOWN ON THAT MARBLE SLAB OVER THERE... CUP YOUR LITTLE HANDS IN FRONT OF YOU.. AND YOUR HOSTESS, *THE OLD WITCH,* WILL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF HER *TASTY TALES OF TERROR!* I CALL THIS LITTLE CHILLER-DILLER

HOUNDED TO DEATH!

THE HORRIBLE EVENTS THAT OCCUR IN THIS TALE I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU BEGAN LONG AGO ON THE VAST ESTATE OF A WEALTHY SPORTSMAN BY THE NAME OF EDWARD G[illegible] THE IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE THAT SERVED AS THE MAIN HOUSE OF THE SARSON ESTATE WAS SHROUDED IN DARKNESS SAVE FOR ONE LIGHT, HIGH IN A BEDROOM WINDOW. THE BLACKNESS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH THE BLOOD-CURDLING HOWLS OF COUNTLESS HOUNDS.

EDWARD! I CAN'T *STAND* THEIR SAYING AND BARKING ANY LONGER

THEY'RE *HUNGRY,* ARN! *THEY HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY!*

THES WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND FEED THEM, EDWARD?
NO! THAT WOULD SPOIL THEM FOR THE HUNT TOMORROW! STARVING HOUNDS CATCH THE FOX!
IT'S CRUEL! CRUEL! YOU STARVE THOSE POOR HURTING DOGS SO THEY'LL SAVAGELY TRACK SOWS A HELPLESS FOX! YOU CALL THAT SPORT?
OF COURSE LISTEN TO THEM! I PITY ANY ONE WHO'D HAPPEN ISTO THEIR KESSELS TONIGHT!
THEY'D RIP HIM TO SHREDS!
TEAR HIM
STOP IT! STOP IT! I HATE THEM! HATE THEM...
YOU HATE ME TOO, DON'T YOU AND? YOU HATE THIS HOUSE .. ASD OUR MARRIAGE!
YES! YES! I HATE EVERYTHING ASOUT THIS PLACE! YOU KEEP ME COOPED UP HERE LIKE ONE OF YOUS DOGS! SEVES LET ME SO OUT
SEVER LET ARYONE COME HERE! YOU'SE AFRAID, ARES'T TOU, EDWARD? AFRAID OF LOSING ME! AFRAID I'D FALL IS LOVE WITR SONE ELSE!
YOU'SE MINE ARR! ALL MINE! ASD I ISTENO TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY!
IF EVES I FIND YOU AS MUCH AS SMILING AT ANOTHES MAN... I'LL... I'LL KILL HIM!
I WON'T STAND FOS IT! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME LOCKED UP LIKE THIS! I WART TO ENJOY MYSELF ..DO THINGS SET AWAY FROM THIS... THIS PLACE FOS A CRASSE!
DO YOU? GOOD! THEN I'LL LET YOU COME ON THE HUNT TOMORROW! YOU'LL LIKE THAT, WON'T YOU?
EDWARD! YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE HUNTING!

SUIT YOURSELF, DEAN! ONLY TOU SAID YOU WANTED TO MET OUT FOR A CHANGE!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL COME! AT LEAST IT WILL BE BETTER THAN... SITTING AROUND HERE ALL DAY!
THE NEXT DAY, EDWARD DARSON, HIS LOVELY WIFE, AND HIS NEIGHBORN FROM AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE RATHERED AT THE HUNT CLUB...
YOUR PACK OF HOUNDS LOOK VERY FEROCIOUS TODAY, DARSON!
THEY OUGHT TO BE! THEY DIDN'T HAVE A BITE TO EAT YESTERDAY!
AT A SIGNAL FROM EDWARD, THE YELPING, BAYING DOGS WERE RELEASED..AND THEY STREAKED ACROSS THE FIELD, HOWLING...
THERE THEY GO!
WE'RE OFF!
THE RED-COATED HORSEMEN GALLOPED AFTER THE BAYING DOGS, HORNS BLARING, SHOUTING...
THEY'VE GOT THE SCENT!
THERE GOES THE LITTLE DEVIL ..OUT THERE NEAR THE FENCE-LINE
BACK AT THE HUNT CLUB, ANN DARSON REINED UP HER HORSE AND DISMOUNTED! SHE SAT DOWN WEARILY ON A STONE BENCH, LISTENING TO THE FADING DIN OF THE HUNT...
HELLO!
I.. OH! YOU STARTLED ME!
THE STRANGER WAS TALL AND, ANN THOUGHT, QUITE HANDSOME! HE SMILED DOWN AT HER...
MY NAME'S STEVE BAXTER! WHAT'S YOURS?
ANN DARSON! WHY AREN'T YOU ON THE HUNT, MR. BAXTER?
CALL ME STEVE! CAN'T! GOT A BAD TICKER! THE DOCTOR SAYS IT COULD KILL ME IF I STRAINED IT TOO MUCH! BAY 'CANNON'..! YOU MUST BE ED DARSON'S WIFE!
YES! I AM! WHY THE SURPRISED LOOK?

OH, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARE! IT'S JUST THAT... I THOUGHT ED'S WIFE WOULD BE... MUCH OLDER! I DON'T BLAME HIM FOR HIDING YOU THE WAY HE DOES!
I... I HATE HIM FOR IT! HE TREATS ME LIKE ONE OF HIS DOGS!
IF YOU WERE MY WIFE, I'D WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE!
EDWARD'S THE JEALOUS TYPE! HE'S AFRAID HE'D LOSE ME!
STEVE MOVED CLOSE TO ANN LOOKING DEEP INTO HER EYES...
BUT... THERE'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO FEEL THAT WAY, IS THERE, ANN?
NOT UP TO... NOW!
STEVE'S BREATH WAS WARM ON ANN'S CHEEK! SHE FELT HER HEART PUMPING HARDER... HARDER.
...AND NOW, ANN?
I... I DON'T KNOW!
SUDDENLY, SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS. HER LIPS AGAINST HIS...
STEVE!
ANN... ANN...
THE GALLOPING SOUND OF APPROACHING HORSES TORE THEM APART! THE HUNT WAS RETURNING!
WHEN CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN, ANN?
DON'T, PLEASE! IF EDWARD FOUND OUT, HE'D... KILL YOU!
THE GLEAMING, SWEAT-COVERED HORSES WITH THEIR RED-COATED RIDERS PULLED UP BEFORE THE HUNT CLUB...
ANN! WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE HUNT?
I'M SORRY, EDWARD! I... I DIDN'T THINK I COULD DO IT! IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I RODE
YOUR WIFE AND I HAVE BEEN CHATTING, CARSON!

EDWARD GARSON GLARED FIERCELY AT STEVE BAXTER.
AND WHY WEREN'T YOU ON THE HUNT, MR. BAXTER?
YOU REMEMBER, ED! MY HEART! IT'S ON THE GUN!
GET ON YOUR HORSE, ANN! WE'RE GOING HOME!
YES, EDWARD!
GOOD MORNING, MRS GARSON! THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTERESTING COMPANY!
LATER, BACK AT THE GARSON MANSION
IT WAS NOTHING, EDWARD! BELIEVE ME! WE JUST TALKED! IT WAS HARMLESS!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ANN! FOR HIS SAKE!
THE NEXT DAY, WHILE EDWARD WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS
STEVE!
MAY I COME IN, ANN?
PLEASE, STEVE! IF EDWARD CATCHES YOU, HE'LL
HE'S GONE INTO THE CITY! I SAW HIM GET ON THE TRAIN! WE'VE GOT TWO HOURS... AT LEAST!
A SURGE OF EMOTION THAT SHE COULDN'T FIGHT SWEPT OVER ANN AND SHE FLUNG HERSELF INTO STEVEN'S ARMS
ANN DEAREST!
OH, STEVE! STEVE! I'D HOPED YOU'D COME!
LATER
YOU'D BETTER GO, STEVE! IF EDWARD COMES HOME AND FINDS YOU HERE...
BUT, I'LL WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! CALL ME, DEAREST... CALL ME THE NEXT TIME HE GOES AWAY!
5

AND SO, THE TWO LOVERS BEGAN TO SEE EACH OTHER EVERY CHANCE THEY COULD! WHEN EDWARD WOULD LEAVE ON A BUSINESS TRIP, ANN WOULD PHONE STEVE! THEY'D BE TOGETHER EVERY MINUTE EDWARD WAS AWAY! THEN THEY WOULD PART! FINALLY... ONE NIGHT...
LISTEN TO THOSE AWFUL HOUNDS! THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FED FOR TWO DAYS!
SUT, ANN! WHY NOT? JUST BECAUSE EDWARD'S AWAY!
HE LEFT ORDERS! THERE'S GOING TO BE A HUNT WHEN HE COMES BACK AND HE WANTS THEM GOOD AND HUNGRY!
THEY SOUND VICIOUS.
PLEASE, STEVE! DON'T TALK ABOUT THEM! EDWARD WILL BE HOME TOMORROW! KISS ME...
ANN... DEAREST!... WHAT'S THAT?
IT WAS THE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE FRONT DOOR LOCK...
IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE'S HOME EARLIER THAN HE SAID! IF HE CATCHES US HERE, HE'LL KILL YOU!
THERE'S NO TIME TO HIDE...
QUICKLY! LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR! PRETEND YOU HAD A HEART ATTACK! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT GOOD! HERE GOES!
STEVE STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR AS THE FRONT DOOR SWUNG OPEN! EDWARD GARSON STOOD FRAMED IN IT... HIS EYES BLAZING...
OH, EDWARD! THANK GOD YOU'VE COME! HE'S.. DEAD!
DEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?

ANN SOBBED OUT HER STORY AS EDWARD STARED AT THE PROSTRATE FORM ON THE FLOOR
HE FORCED HIS WAY IN! HE SAID HE'D BEEN THINKING ABOUT ME EVEN SINCE HE MET ME AT THE HUNT! HE... TRIED TO... MOLEST ME! I FOUGHT! SUDDENLY...HE STIFFENED UP! THEN HE FELL DOWN...LIKE THAT
ON?
DEAD!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS HEART! YOU REMEMBER? HE SAID HE COULDN'T GO ON THIS HUNT BECAUSE OF HIS HEART! WHAT WILL WE DO, EDWARD? THINK OF THE SCANDAL!
YES! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A SCANDAL! I... I MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
ANN SMILED TO HERSELF! EDWARD, THE OLD FOOL, WAS FALLING FOR HER STORY...
WHY NOT TAKE HIS BODY THIS ROAD ABOUT FOUR MILES AND DROP IT...
YES! THEY'LL THINK HE HAD THE HEART ATTACK WHILE HE WAS OUT WALKING!
EDWARD LIFTED STEVEN'S LIMP FORM AND SLUNG IT OVER HIS SHOULDERS
YOU GO TO YOUR ROOM! WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS FURTHER WHEN I GET BACK!
YES, EDWARD!
EDWARD CARRIED STEVEN'S BODY OUT OF THE HOUSE AND ACROSS THE LARGE WELL-KEPT LAWNS TOWARDS THE GARAGE...
DEAD, EH? THINK I'M A FOOL, EH? THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?
THE STARVED HUNTING HOUNDS YELPED AND HOWLED AS EDWARD PASSED CLOSE TO THEIR KENNELS
THEY'RE SO HUNGRY, THEY'D TEAR A MAN TO SHREDS!
SUDDENLY EDWARD FLUNG STEVEN OVER THE HIGH FENCE INTO THE MIDST OF THE SNARLING, SLOBBERING, SCRAMBLING HOUNDS
THEY'D EVEN TEAR A DEAD MAN TO SHREDS—OR EVEN A MAN PLAYING DEAD
AAAAAAAAAA!
7

EDWARD GARSON TURNED AND WALKED BACK TO THE HOUSE. HE LISTENED WHILE STEVEN'S SCREAMS ENDED IN A CHOKING GOUGH AS THE SLASHING FANGS OF THE STARVED HOUNDS RIPPED AND TORE

AND NOW TO TAKE CARE OF MY *LOVING* WIFE!

UPSTAIRS IN HER ROOM, ANN HEARD THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS AND REALIZED WHAT HER HUSBAND HAD DONE.

HE *KNEW!* HE *KNEW* STEVEN WAS *ALIVE!* THE *FIEND!* THE *HORRIBLE FIEND!*

AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS LEADING TO ANN'S BEDROOM, EDWARD PAUSED.

THAT'S FUNNY! THE HOUNDS HAVE *STOPPED BARKING!*

OUTSIDE, IN THE FENCED-IN KENNEL, THE PACK OF HOUNDS WHINED AS THEY SACKED AWAY FROM THEIR VICTIM. BACKED AWAY WITH THEIR BELLIES FLAT AGAINST THE GROUND, THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR HIND-LEGS.

AS EDWARD REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, ONE OF THE HOUNDS OUTSIDE BEGAN TO HOWL. A CHILLING HOWL THAT ECHOED ACROSS THE NIGHT AIR.

OWWOOOOOOO

WHAT IN BLAZES HAS GOTTEN INTO THOSE BLASTED MUTTS!

SUDDENLY, EDWARD FROZE IN HIS TRACKS! HIS EYES OPENED WIDE IN SHEER HORROR! THE FRONT DOOR DOWNSTAIRS HAD OPENED, AND STUMBLING ACROSS THE MARBLE FOYER AND UP THE STAIRS CAME A *FANG-TORN, SHREDDED CORPSE!* BITS OF FLESH AND BLOOD SOAKED C··TH FELL AWAY AS IT MOVED UP... UP... UP THE STEPS

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT... IT'S STEVEN BAXTER!

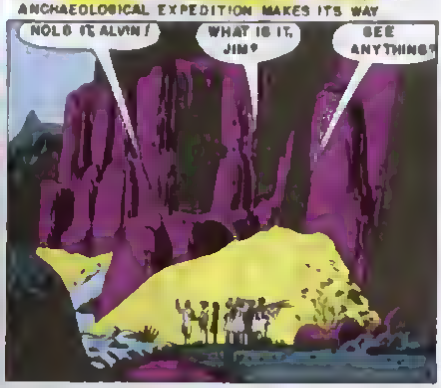
HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! *STEVEN* TOOK GOOD CARE OF EDWARD! WHEN STEVE WAS FINISHED, *EDDIE* LOOKED WORSE THAN *HE* DID! OH? YOU LOOK DOUBTFUL? BELIEVE ME! IT'S *POSSIBLE!* I KNOW! I SAW HIM! OH, AND BY THE WAY! IF YOU'D LIKE A REAL DOSE OF A STONY, *THE VAULT-KEEPER* AWAITS WITH A *YARN* TO *DRIVE* ALL YOU *MANIACS SANE.* I'LL SEE YOU *LATER* IN THIS ISSUE!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

I SEE BY THE MAIL THAT MANY OF YOU LIKE *MUMMY STORIES!* WELL, I'VE GOT A CHILLER-DILLER FOR YOU THIS TIME! COME INTO *THE VAULT OF HORROR!* SIT DOWN NEXT TO ME *THE VAULT KEEPER* AND I'LL BEGIN MY STORY! READY? GOOD! I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURDLER—

THE VERY STRANGE MUMMY!

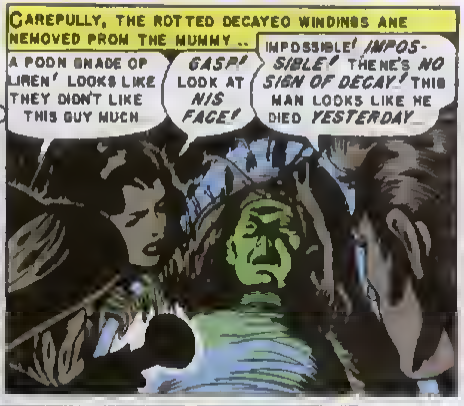
NORTH OF THE CITY OF COPTOS ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE NILE RIVER IN MODERN DAY EGYPT, OUR STORY BEGINS! AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS THAT RISE MAJESTICALLY OVER THE SANDY WASTES, A SMALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION MAKES ITS WAY

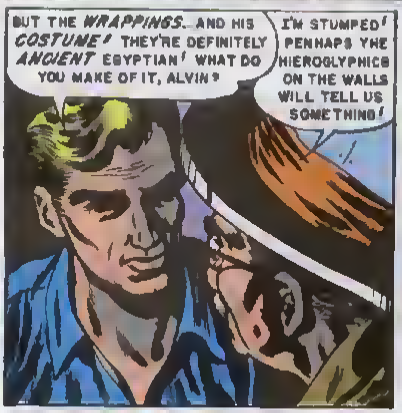


JAMES LORNING, ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS, GESTICULATES TOWARDS THE TOWERING CLIFFS...
UP THERE! LOOK! SEE? TO THE LEFT OF THAT BOULDER!
I SEE IT! SOMETHING SHINING!
THE EGYPTIAN PACK-CARRIERS STARE IN HORROR AT THE CLIFF FACE...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PORTERS, ABYDOS?
PLACE OF EVIL, SAHIB! NO...NO WANT GO UP THERE!
PLACE OF EVIL? WHY? WHAT'S UP THERE?
DON'T KNOW! NO ONE KNOW! LEGEND SAY... PLACE OF EVIL! MEN NO WANT TO GO!
ALL RIGHT! STAY HERE, THEN! START SETTING UP CAMP! C'MON, ALVIN! WE'LL GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK!
RUNE, JIM! YOU STAY HERE, TOO, EVE!
NOTHING DOING! I'M COMING WITH YOU!
THE TWO MEN AND THE GIRL BEGIN THE DANGEROUS CLIMB WHILE THE NERVOUS EGYPTIANS UNTIE THEIR PACKS AND BEGIN SETTING UP CAMP...
EUPENETITIOUE HEATHERS! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE AFRAID OF!
PROBABLY JUST A LEGEND WITH NO FOUNDATION IN FACT, ALVIN!
MOST EGYPTIAN LEGENDS ARE TRUE, JIM!
FINALLY THE THREE ARCHAEOLOGISTS REACH A FLAT LEDGE...
LOOK, JIM! THAT'S WHAT WAS SHINING! A METAL PLAQUE!
THERE'S SOME HIEROGLYPHICS SCRATCHED INTO IT! YOU'RE THE LANGUAGE EXPERT, EVE! WHAT'S IT SAY?
IT SAYS...ER...THIS IS THE BURIAL PLACE...OF A PERSON OF EVIL! DO NOT ENTER!
EAT! LOOK! THERE'S AN OPENING BEHIND THIS ROCK!

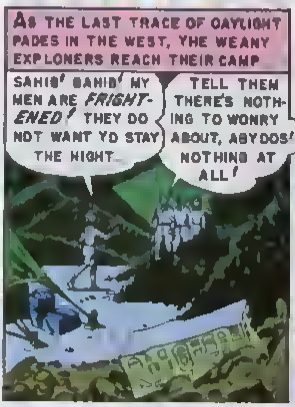
PAINFULLY, THE EXPLORERS MOVE THE HUGE ROCK ASIDE UNTIL THERE IS ROOM TO SLIP THROUGH..
LOOKS LIKE A TUNNEL! WHAT LUCK! THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE ANCIENT BURIAL TOMBS!
C'MON! YOU GO FIRST! HERE'S A FLASHLIGHT!
BE CAREFUL! YOU KNOW HOW THESE TOMB ENTRANCES ARE USUALLY PLANTED WITH TRAPS AGAINST TRESPASSERS!
THE TUNNEL IS LONG AND LOW! ONLY ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS CAN MOVE ALONG IT AT A TIME.. HALF KNEELING... HALF CRAWLING
IT SEEMS TO GO DOWN AT A SLIGHT ANGLE! HOPE WE DON'T DISTURB ANYTHING THAT MIGHT CAUSE A CAVE-IN!
TAKE IT EASY! IT LOOKS PRETTY SOLID!
THIS ISN'T A VERY LADY-LIKE POSITION! DOES IT GO ON LIKE THIS FOR LONG?
AFTER CRAWLING THROUGH THE TUNNEL FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET...
THERE'S AN OPENING AHEAD!
IT'S A LARGE ROOM!
LOOK OUT!
A GLEAMING STEEL BLADE SWINGS DOWN IN A HUGE ARC NARROWLY MISSING THE FACE OF THE LEADING EXPLORER
GOOD LORD!
IT MIGHT HAVE SPLIT YOUR HEAD OPEN!
LET'S GO BACK! I'M AFRAID!
CAUTIOUSLY, THE THREE ARCHAEOLOGISTS SLIP UNDER THE LETHAL BLADE AND ENTER INTO THE LARGE UNDERGROUND ROOM..
THE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH HIEROGLYPHICS!
THIS MUST BE THE BURIAL CHAMBER!
YES, BUT..
THIS IS NO PHARAOH'S TOMB! LOOK! NOT A BIT OF JEWELS OR PRECIOUS METAL AROUND!
HERE'S THE MUMMY CASE!
WHY..THAT'S STRANGE! THE MUMMY CASE IS PEGGED SHUT!
I'VE NEVER RUN ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE! LET'S OPEN IT UP!
3

WITH THE AID OF THE FEW TOOLS THE ANCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE BROUGHT WITH THEM, THE MUMMY CASE IS PRIED OPEN..
WELL...I'LL BE...
WHAT A FIND!
THE WRAPPINGS ARE ALL ROTTED, BUT THE MUMMY SEEMS PERFECTLY PRESERVED!


CAREFULLY, THE ROTTED DECAYED WINDINGS ARE REMOVED FROM THE MUMMY..
A FOUL SHADE OF GREEN! LOOKS LIKE THEY DIDN'T LIKE THIS GUY MUCH
GASP! LOOK AT HIS FACE!
IMPOSSIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NO SIGN OF DECAY! THIS MAN LOOKS LIKE HE DIED YESTERDAY...


BUT THE WRAPPINGS...AND HIS COSTUME! THEY'RE DEFINITELY ANCIENT EGYPTIAN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ALVIN?
I'M STUMPED! PERHAPS THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE WALLS WILL TELL US SOMETHING!

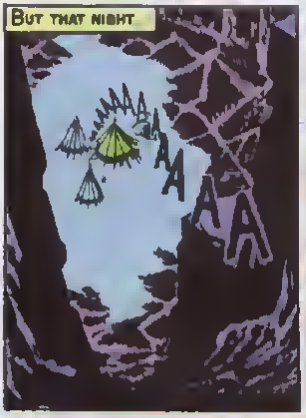
LOOK, BOYS! IT'S GETTING LATE! WE'D BETTER START BACK! IT WILL BE DARK IN AN HOUR!
YES! COME! I'D HATE TO TRY DESCENDING THAT CLIFF FACE IN DARKNESS!
WE'LL COME BACK UP TOMORROW MORNING!


AS THE LAST TRACE OF DAYLIGHT FADES IN THE WEST, THE WEARY EXPLORERS REACH THEIR CAMP
SAHIB! SAHIB! MY MEN ARE FRIGHTENED! THEY DO NOT WANT TO STAY THE NIGHT...
TELL THEM THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, ABDOS! NOTHING AT ALL!

BUT... DURING THE NIGHT...
EEEAAGGH

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING
HE...HE'S DEAD!
LOOK! ON HIS NECK! TWO PUNCTURES!
SNAKE-BITE!

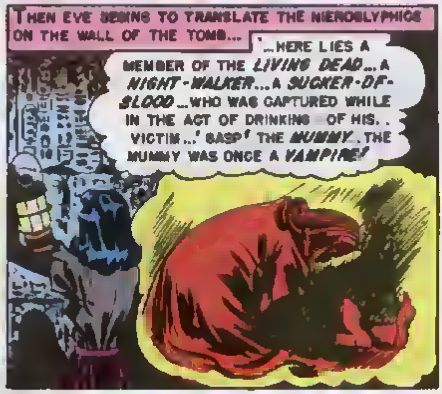
NO, SAHIB! NO SNAKE DO THIS! THIS MAN BLEED TO DEATH... NOT POISONED!
BUT... THERE'S NO BLOOD AROUND..
A VAMPIRE!
WHAT'S THAT, ALVIN? WHAT'D YOU SAY?
I SAID... A VAMPIRE! A VAMPIRE SUCKS BLOOD.
OH, DUT IT OUT, AL! VAMPIRES ARE A MYTH! THEY DON'T EXIST!
THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN HIS DEATH.. ?
LATER AFTER THE NATIVE PORTER IS BURIED...
SAHIB! MY MEN ARE LEAVING! THEY SAY THIS IS A PLACE OF EVIL!
BLAST THEM! SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS... LET THEM GO!
NO, WAIT! WE'LL NEED THEM TO CARRY THE MUMMY BACK!
MUMMY? YOU FIND MUMMY?
YES! UP THERE! IT'S A PERFECT SPECIMEN TOO! THE MOST PERFECTLY PRESERVED MUMMY I HAVE EVER SEEN! WE'LL WANT TO... WAIT...
THE TERRIFIED NATIVES GATHER UP THEIR MEAGER BELONGINGS AND RUSH OUT ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS...
WAIT, YOU FOOLS! COME BACK! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PAID.
THE POOR DEVILS! THEY'RE SCARED SILLY!
S... SO AM I!
LOOK AT THE TIME! WE'VE WASTED THE WHOLE DAY! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP THE CLIFF AND BACK BY DARK..
THAT'S TOO BAD! AND I WANTED EVE TO BET TO WORK ON THOSE HIEROGLYPHICS!
TOMORROW.. BRIGHT AND EARLY.. WE'LL START OUT! OKAY?


BUT THAT NIGHT
AAAA

AND THE NEXT MORNING...
GOOD LORD! ALVIN! DEAD! KILLED THE SAME WAY!
IT IS A VAMPIRE! IT IS!

THERE'S NO SUCH THING, EVE! C'MON! WE'LL HAVE TO GUNY HIM!
ALVIN SAID IT WAS A VAMPIRE. I BELIEVE HE WAS RIGHT!

AFTER DIGGING A GRAVE AND BURYING ALVIN, JIM DECIDES THAT IT IS TOO LATE TO START UP THE CLIFF TO THE TOMB DURING THE NIGHT, HOWEVER, WHILE JIM SLEEPS, EVE TAKES A LANTERN AND CLIMBS THE CLIFF FACE...
THE MUMMY CASE! IT'S EMPTY! THE MUMMY'S GONE!

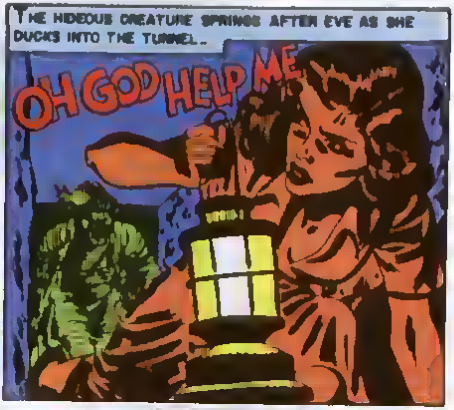

THEN EVE BEGINS TO TRANSLATE THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE WALL OF THE TOMB...
'...HERE LIES A MEMBER OF THE LIVING DEAD... A NIGHT-WALKER... A SUCKER-OF-BLOOD... WHO WAS CAPTURED WHILE IN THE ACT OF DRINKING OF HIS... VICTIM...' GASP! THE MUMMY... THE MUMMY WAS ONCE A VAMPIRE!

EVE CONTINUES...
'...HAVING NO KNOWLEDGE... OF HOW TO KILL A LIVING DEAD... HE WAS WRAPPED IN THE BURIAL CLOTHS AND PLACED... ALIVE — IN THE CASKET... THE LID WAS THEN SECURED AND SEALED...' BUT WE... WE UNSEALED IT! THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS... DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE... SO THEY NAILED HIM INTO HIS COFFIN! AND WE FREED HIM!

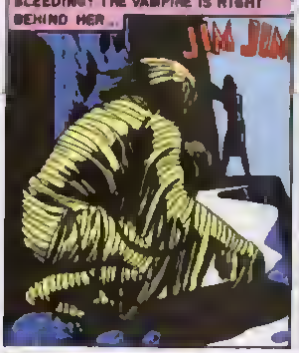
SUDDENLY, EVE HEARS A NOISE BEHIND HER! SHE TURNS.
EEEEEEEE

FOR A MOMENT THE TERRORIZED GIRL IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT AS THE LUMBERING FIGURE.. TRAILING THE ROTTED MUMMY WRAPPINGS...MOVES TOWARD HER! THEN SHE DASHES TOWARD THE TUNNEL

THE HIDEOUS CREATURE SPRINGS AFTER EVE AS SHE DUCKS INTO THE TUNNEL..



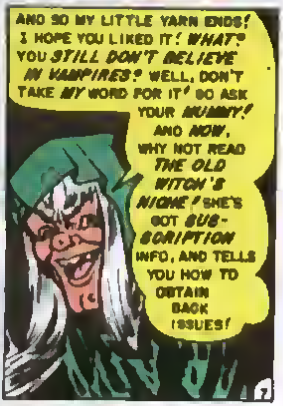
WHEN EVE FINALLY REACHES THE LEDGE, HER KNEES ARE TORN AND BLEEDING! THE VAMPIRE IS RIGHT BEHIND HER..



SUDDENLY THE VAMPIRE STOPS! ITS HEAD TURNS TOWARD A STREAK OF GREY IN THE EAST..THE DAWN..

SCREAMING IN FEAR, THE INHUMAN MONSTER RETREATS BACK INTO THE TUNNEL...

WHEN JIM FINALLY ARRIVES AT THE LEDGE EVE TELLS HIM THE WHOLE STORY! SOON, THE CRACK-CRACK OF STONE ON WOOD FILLS THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL AS JIM DRIVES THE WOODEN STAKE THROUGH THE ANCIENT VAMPIRE'S HEART



THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Old Witch,

Yes! I liked the gruesome tales, especially "Room for One More!" I have a collection on these comics.

I love these gross, sick, scary disgusting tales!

Lawrence Mineses — Spring Lake, NC

Yes! Yes! —OW

Dear Old Witch,

I have just got done reading your story "A Little Stranger!" and I think it's awesome. I think it's great that you showed your mom and dad and I think you were ugly when you were a baby. I think you and The Crypt Keeper are the best. Mysteriously yours

Mike McKnight — Cranston, RI

You read the 64-pager RCP HAUNT #1! Available from us as a back issue! No use trying to butter me up with compliments, and then putting The Crypt-Keeper in the same league with me, Mike! I'm the best, HE's a pest, and VK's just a mess!! —OW

Dear Old Witch,

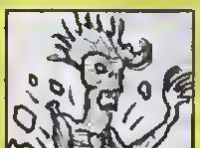
My favorite HAUNT OF FEAR is the one with the "Horror in the School Room" and "The Mummy's Return!"

The picture is from "Room for One More!".

Daniel Raimo — Ettanover, NJ

The old "spring-loaded corpse trick." He-hum. You'll have to come up with something trickier than that to scare me!

Heh, heh! Just kidding! Love the drawing, and thanks! —OW



Your comics are really scary. One of my favorites was RCP HAUNT 5. It was one of your best! When my dad was my age (eleven years old) he used to collect your comics. He threw most of them out, but he found one old HAUNT OF FEAR from 1953 and gave it to me. When I picked up my first issue of HAUNT something caught my eye—your eye! Your left eye always catches my attention. You're more scarier than most witches. That's why I like you a lot. Here are two questions I hope you can answer. Where do you live and do you have any kind of spells?

Stephen Langlois — Rutland, VT

I actually live in The Haunt of Fear, and I do admit to a little nervous tic now and again. —OW

Dear Russ Cochran,

I love your magazines HAUNT, CRYPT, and VAULT. It's my favorite thing since MTV was invented. I think you should work The Old Witch and The Vault Keeper [into] the HBO show with The Crypt-Keeper.

I write to ask The Old Witch to stay. Keep the magazine gory and cool!

Willie Wallace — St. Peters, MO

Sure, I'll stay—I wasn't going anywhere. Wait a minute! Do you know something I don't know?—OW

Dear OW

My name is Joseph Petrosillo. I am 11 years old. I collect a lot of your magazines. One of my favorite rib-ticklers is "A Grave Gag!!" Here is a picture I drew that I hope you like. Bye now and nighty-nightmares. I AM YOUR #1 FAN!

Joseph Petrosillo — Hicksville, NY

Who told you about my nightlies!? Very good likeness, you've captured the real me. [Must of used a rat trap!—CK] Grrrl! to you, Crypt-Keep! —OW

Dear Old Witch,

Thank you for another great issue of your mag with more great tales. Your mag is much better than that crazy CK's or that sassy VK's. Take issue #7 of HOF for example. "Room For One More!" and "Horror in the School Room" were much better than what those other two creeps had to offer. When I think of some of the teachers I had in school, I could get all agog over having known someone like Magog.

There is a problem, however. How did you get to be so ugly? Some of the living corpses in your stories look better than you do! I'm afraid that if I stare at your face too long, I'll turn to stone. How could it be that something as ugly as you was once a baby? You're disgusting! Have you ever thought about a face lift or maybe a nose-bob? How about some Retin-A? Do something. Take some of that text material that use to adorn the pages of EC mags and place it over parts of the mag where your face now appears. That would help beautify things.

Duane Chandler — Houston, TX

You silver-tongued devil! Maybe I should get you and Mike McKnight (above) together and decide who's the biggest flirt! Is it a date, boys? —OW

I am still recovering from the effects of daylight savings time. As I drive to work in the early morning darkness, it seems like there are probably vampires lurking in the shadows everywhere. EC had a vampire story involving

being in the Arctic Circle in " Comes the Dawn!" in HAUNT #26 and they had a vampire story about going to a different time zone in " Dawn's Early Light" in CRYPT #42. But EC never had a vampire story involving daylight savings time. The vampire would say " HEE! HEE! HA! HA! HO!! You forgot that it is DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME! The sun does not rise for yet another hour yet! " And then the vampire would SPRING FORWARD and sink it's teeth into the victim's throat. When finished draining the blood, the vampire would just let go of the body and let it FALL BACK. Get it? SPRING FORWARD? FALL BACK? HA! HA! HA! HA! HAAAAA

Warren Standifird — Sunnyvale CA

Dear Russ,

I preferred the EXTRA-LARGE SIZE COMICS and was sad to see them go. Here is an idea. How about around Christmas time you publish an EXTRA-LARGE TALES FROM THE CRYPT CHRISTMAS SPECIAL. Reprint the seasonal stories that popped up in the EC comics line over the years. Maybe even a Halloween EXTRA LARGE-SIZE EDITION. Just a thought. Regardless, wish you continued luck with your EC comics.

Lawrence Laney Loftin — Monroe LA

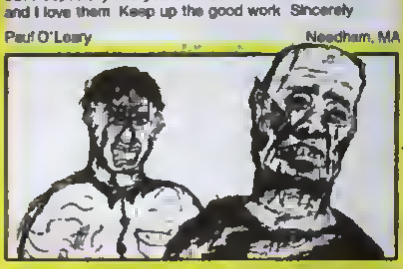
You are talking about the tabloid-sized comic we did experimentally, copies of that EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT are still available for $6 each.

We're sharing your special letterhead illustration with our readers. (Please don't tell that I wore a wig!) —OW

Dear Old Witch

My name is Paul O'Leary. I'm 11 years old and I love your comics. I've been collecting EC's comics for a long time but I especially like yours. I have GLAD HAUNT 1 and 2, and I love them. Keep up the good work. Sincerely

Paul O'Leary — Needham, MA



What is this, picture-day? Everybody's sending me pictures! And yours is a double-header! —OW

Dear Old Witch,

Your story "Horror in the School Room" in issue #7 was the best story I've ever heard in my whole life. Good work. Please print my address.

Dara Conner — 7927 Rambler PL, Cincinnati OH 45231

So, my trip to Ohio to read it to you was worth it. Thanks! —OW

Dear Russ

I'm your biggest fan. I would like an issue of your TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I have number 3 of THE HAUNT OF FEAR. Thank you very much!

Ty Williams — Vinal Haven ME

As you well know by now, you can get all our back issues direct from us. See the little blurb at the end of the letter column for details.

A new twist on putrid-pictures; Construct-A-Creature! Thanks! —OW

Dear Old Witch,

Yo! What's up in The Cauldron? When are you going to show how you became The Old Witch?

Did you ever go out with CK or VK?

I like "The Basket!" It was great. Can you show more "Grim Fairy Tales" please? I think they're the best stories in the whole book.

Hey. I like the comic book so far! Keep up the great work! What I'm trying to say is, I dig you man.

Brian Kortie — address unknown

I didn't BECOME The Old Witch; I was born it! "Grim Fairy Tales" show up here and there from now on in the 3 horror books. Ya! (Backwards is "Oy!") —OW

This month: INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #8 and CRIME #8. Next month: The 9th issue of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #8, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 468
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #8 (JUL/AUG 1951)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"Hounded to Death!"	Graham Ingels
" The Very Strange Mummy!"	George Roussos
"Diminishing Returns!"	unknown
"The Irony of Death!"	Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot attempt to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you want them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called..

FAN CLUB NEWS!

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER

I would like to present a notice to all EC fans twelve or over:

I wish to start a dream of mine, THE NATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB. In my club all serious EC fans will receive great benefits including a one year (six issue) subscription to the club's official fanzine—THE NATIONAL E.C. BULLETIN!

Upon joining the club you will receive the first issue of the BULLETIN, a membership certificate, and a free surprise EC comic!

The BULLETIN contains numerous articles and special EC features. There will be plenty of information on EC comics and the HBO series "Tales from the Crypt!" Every issue contains a list of member's names and, if given permission, their addresses. Following the tradition of the original E.C. Fan Addict Club, there will be an E.C. TRADING POST where fans can swap, sell, or even give away their ECs! There has never been a better chance to find those rare and precious originals! The club has many more features which I refuse to divulge (my competitors may decide to take em!). You'll just have to join the club to find out!

Membership to the club costs $14.00. This money is just under enough to cover the publication costs. I make *no* profit! If you decide you want to join and don't have $14.00 (US Currency), you may send just enough for your subscription ($12.00) and send the extra two bucks for your membership package later on.

Also, if you are worried the club magazine SUCKS, you can order a sample issue for $2.00.

Philip M. Smith, President/Founder

THE INTERNATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB
"The Only Choice For The Serious Fan"
c/o Philip M. Smith, President/Founder
5947 Colgate St.
Philadelphia, PA 19120

PS) Allow four to six weeks for arrival!!!

Friend Ray Funk shares some thots on collecting in general in this special, lengthy letter. —VK

Dear Russ,

I've never written to a comic or pulp or newspaper in all my 60 years so this is a first. True, I did articles in NEAR MINT on comics, but that isn't the same. Also, I do not recall ever mentioning EC's in any articles.

ECs and I go a long way back to the EC meaning Educational Comics. I still have the 50¢ OLD TESTAMENT comic I bought, cut the coupon out and sent my quarter for THE LIFE OF CHRIST (to go back further, I still have the .39 RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER put out by Montgomery Ward, but now to the gist of this letter.)

All my life, as far back as I can remember, I've collected comics, BLB pulps, hardbound and paperback books and anything I liked, and bought ECs as they came on the stands.

In the 1960's I decided to go for Fiction House, as only WINGS had interested me (also PLANET), but I had always traded them off as only had the last issue of PLANET to start with.

I'd had an older cousin who went to the Army in WW II and he gave me his Disney collection so I continued it, and after I'd left home my mother had kept subs up and continued storing them (I was an only child and lived on a farm in Iowa).

I traded all but BIBLE ECs and all Disney (that I didn't give to friends who collected Disney) and extra BLBs of sought after titles until some 20 years later I filled out my Fiction Houses. Then upon divorce after 35 years, I sold off all of my Fiction House, bought all your [hardbound] sets of EC. I have the few reprints of Fiction House and wrote the foreward in [the reprint of?] PLANET #1 which was fouled up by contents being from #5 (didn't know that until after publication as original artwork had gotten mixed around in vault.)

I bought Gladstone's reprints of Disney and they were good, but only bought a couple of their ECs as they weren't good enough. When you sent the [EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT] I was tickled as it was the same size as large reprints of WHIZ, BATMAN and SUPERMAN which I keep stacked in a cabinet. I kept comics in this manner long before plastic bags and they held up over the years.

Presently an Italian publisher is doing BUCK ROGERS in tabloid size and although I have all the old BR comics and FAMOUS FUNNIES, it's like seeing them again as I used to in [the papers]. Kitchen Sink is doing FLASH GORDON not overly-large, but clear good printing as you do, so of course there I go again. When I find reprints I like, I sell or trade off old stuff, as one can't keep everything forever, and if you don't need them what's the use of having them?

I raised 4 boys, and with TV today they don't care for the old stuff that to me was a joy to behold. Also, to those saving and expecting to make a bundle. If everyone had saved (a lot was lost during WW II paper drives) today those old rare comics would be plentiful and not rare. And too, I'm finding that the market for older stuff is falling off as the old collectors have filled out in all they want, have died off or just quit collecting due to excessive high prices.

I know that were I to try starting again I couldn't begin to afford today's prices of the old stuff I advertised rune of comics and BLBs but sold very little, even though I only asked a small amount of list price. The market just isn't there, and the same will be true with reprinted material, as everyone saves it today so that the minute a possible high priced market looms they can unload, which of course will cause prices to plummet, so enjoy it for what it is, instead of worrying about string in hopes of making that elusive bundle. I know that in later years, when I can't work and will need extra income, I will sell in mind for price paid or slightly less, as you cannot eat or drive comics too well.

WHIZ, CAPTAIN MARVEL and SPY SMASHER were favorites with me as a kid, but when I left the farm I gave them away to neighbor kids who were little so that they could enjoy them as I did.

I was at a bookstore when DC brought out SHAZAM! and I bought one to enjoy. While there a fellow entered and bought all on the stand. After he left, the clerk sighed and said "Now I have to re-stock the stand again. Everytime he comes in he takes every issue of SHAZAM! #1 and I've restocked 20 at a time several times now." I asked "How many copies do you have?" and she said, "We only took 500, but if he keeps coming, we'll order a couple thousand more. If need be." SHAZAM! never went up and was short-lived as they switched to modern artwork and killed it. I wonder if that fellow is still hoarding his SHAZAM! #1's hoping to see prices go up?

You can't take it with you, so enjoy it now and stop trying to be a speculator as most seem to be today.

Thanks for your time to read this sensible, keep up the good work and best always,

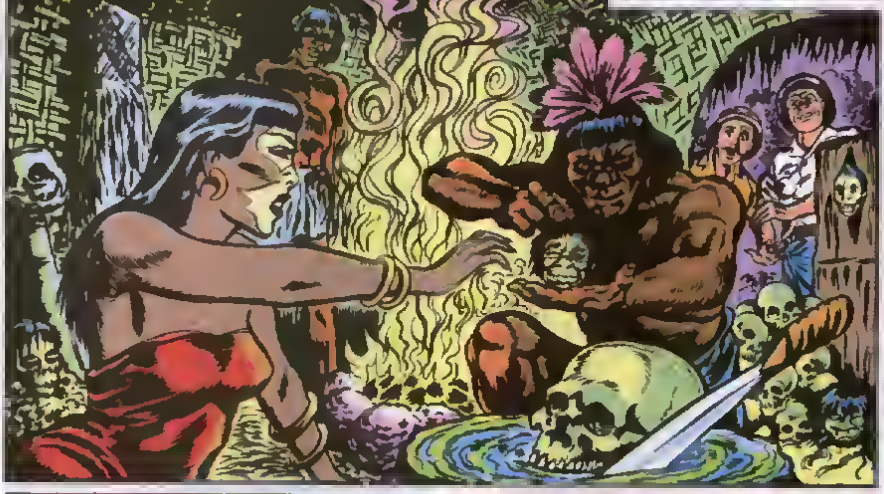
Ray Funk — Upland, CA

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 469, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters, so do so we need your address on the comment letter.

HERE'S A CUTTING HORROR YARN I'M SURE WILL RATE TOPS WITH YOU! I CALL IT...

DIMINISHING RETURNS!



IN HIS EXPENSIVELY FURNISHED NEW YORK PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, VINCENT SEABRSLEY, THE FAMOUS WORLD EXPLORER AND GUIDE, ENTERTAINS A PROSPECTIVE CLIENT..

YES, MR. HAGEN! ONLY I KNOW WHERE THE HIDDEN JIVARO DIAMOND FIELD IS LOCATED!

AND THIS DIAMOND COMES FROM THAT FABULOUS FIELD?

MR. SEABRSLEY'S SUCCESS IS THE WEALTHY SPORTSMAN AND MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, CLARK HAGEN! HE HOLDS A HUGE UNCUT DIAMOND IN HIS WELL-MANICURED HAND..

THAT IS CORRECT, MR. HAGEN! I MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE JIVAROS WITH THAT SAMPLE! MY COMPANION WAS CAPTURED..

THIS STONE MUST WEIGH AT LEAST *FORTY CARATS*.. WORTH ABOUT *ONE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLARS*! AND YOU CLAIM THERE ARE *THOUSANDS* MORE LIKE THIS ONE?

ABSOLUTELT, MR. HADEN! THE JIVAROS EUANO THE FIELO JEALOUELT! YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE INFANOUS JIVANOS?
YES! THEY ARE HEAD-HUNTERS, AREN'T THEY?
CORRECT! THET INOULOE IN THE OISTASTEFUL PRACTICE OF SHRINHING HEAOS TO THE SIZE OF A BASEEALL!
OUEH! HOW OIEGUSTING! HOWEVER, I'M WILLING TO RISK IT!
YOU UNOERSTANO, OF COUREE, THAT I HAVE BUIOEO TWO OTHER EXPEOITIONS INTO THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA IN QUEST OF THIS FABULOUS OIAMONO FIELO!
YES! I RECALL THET WERE UNSUCCESS-FUL, EH?
TO BAT THE LEAST, MR HABEN! IN BOTH CASEE, WE WERE CAPTUREO BY THE JIVAROS.. BUT...LUCKILY.. I MANABEO TO ESCAPE! THE POOR OEVILS THAT I HAO BHOUGHT THERE WERE NOT AE FORTUNATE!
I SUPPOSE THEIR SHHUNKEN HEAOS NOW AOORN EOHE JIVARO CHIEF'S HUT?
THERE'S NO OOUBT OF IT! NOW, YOU SEE THE RIEKS INVOLVEO IN TRYING TO REACH THE OIAMONO FIELO, HAEEH?
LOOK HERE, BEAROBLEY! I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE! I'LL FINANCE THE WHOLE TRIP PAT YOU FIFTT-THOUSAND FOR YOUR BERVICES ..ANO IF WE FINO WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR WE'LL EPLIT THE TAKE!
ALL RIGHT, MR. HABEN! I'LL BE ELAO TO EUIOE YOU TO THE SPOT! CAN TOU BE REAOY TO LEAVE IN A WEEK?
I'LL BE REAOT! HERE! LET ME BIVE TOU A CHECK IN AOVANCE! SAY-TEN THOUSANO?
AFTER MR HABEN LEAVES HIS PENTHOUEE HOME, VINCENT BEAROBLEY PICKE UP THE UNCUT OIAMOND ANO OPENS A ENALL STRONG-BOX! INEIOE ARE TWO MORE BTONEE OF EBUAL EIZE
HEH, HEH! SOON I WILL HAVE FOUR OIAMONOS!
2

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, A SMALL BOAT MOVES SLOWLY UP THE PISTAZA RIVER IN THE UNCHARTED JUNGLES OF EASTERN EQUADOR...

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE WE REACH JIVARO COUNTRY, BEARDSLEY?

SOON, NOW! LISTEM!

FROM OVER THE STEAMING JUNGLE COMES THE SOUND OF DISTANT DRUMS.

DOOM-DUM-DUM... DOOM-DUM-DUM.

WHAT'S THAT?

JIVARO DRUMS!

WHERE IS THE DIAMOND FIELD LOCATED, BEARDSLEY?

SOUTH OF THE JIVARO VILLAGE. WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE THE BOAT AND TAKE TO THE BRUSH .. KEEPING WELL OUT OF SIGHT!

WHILE THE JIVARO DRUMS BEAT INCESSANTLY, THE SMALL BOAT MOVES CLOSE TO SHORE. FINALLY NOSING IN AT A DENSELY OVERGROWN SPOT, THE TWO PITH-HELMETED EXPLORERS DISEMBARK ...

QUICKLY! HELP ME COVER THE BOAT WITH FERNS AND LEAVES!

DO YOU THINK THEY'VE SPOTTED US, BEARDSLEY?

CAN'T BE SURE! IF THEY DID, WE'RE DONE FOR! THERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! C'MON!

I HOPE WE CAN FIND THE BOAT AGAIN!

THE TWO MEN MOVE THROUGH THE INSECT-RIDDEN UNDERGROWTH! THE JUNGLE IS SILENT NOW! THE DRUMS HAVE STOPPED! THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS THE OCCASIONAL SHRIEK OF A TROPICAL BIRD AND THE CRACK OF A DRIED TWIG UNDERFOOT! BUT HIDDEN EYES WATCH THE TWO MEN...

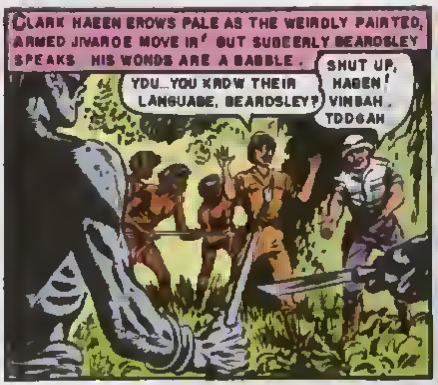
BLASTED BUGS!

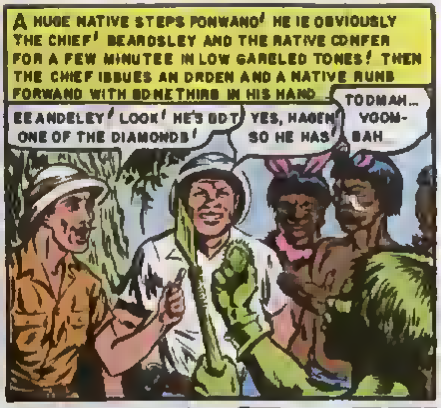
SH-H-H-H! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE AROUND THEM BECOMES ALIVE AS HUNDREDS OF DARK-SKINNED NATIVES EMERGE FROM THE BRUSH...

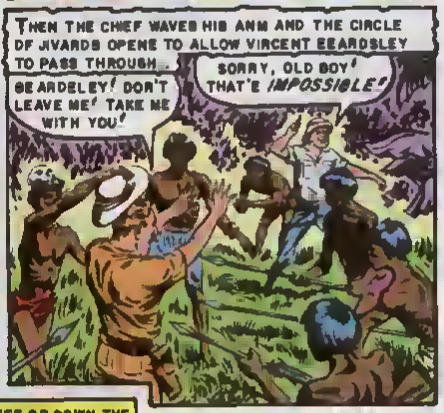
GOOD LORD! JIVAROS!

WE'RE SURROUNDED!


CLARK HAGEN GROWS PALE AS THE WEIRDLY PAINTED, ARMED JIVAROS MOVE IN' BUT SUDDENLY BEARDSLEY SPEAKS HIS WORDS ARE A BABBLE.
YOU...YOU KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE, BEARDSLEY?
SHUT UP, HAGEN! VINBAH. TODDAH


A HUGE NATIVE STEPS FORWARD' HE IS OBVIOUSLY THE CHIEF' BEARDSLEY AND THE NATIVE CONFER FOR A FEW MINUTES IN LOW GARGLED TONES! THEN THE CHIEF ISSUES AN ORDER AND A NATIVE RUNS FORWARD WITH SOMETHING IN HIS HAND
BEARDSLEY' LOOK' HE'S GOT ONE OF THE DIAMONDS'
YES, HAGEN' SO HE HAS'
TODMAH... VOOM-BAH

THE NATIVE HANDS THE UNCUT DIAMOND TO VINCENT BEARDSLEY...
BEARDSLEY' WHAT'S GOING ON? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU WILL, HAGEN. YOU WILL'


THEN THE CHIEF WAVES HIS ARM AND THE CIRCLE OF JIVAROS OPENS TO ALLOW VINCENT BEARDSLEY TO PASS THROUGH...
BEARDSLEY' DON'T LEAVE ME' TAKE ME WITH YOU'
SORRY, OLD BOY' THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

BEARDSLEY SMILES AS HE HOLDS UP THE UNCUT DIAMOND... THAT'S THE DEAL I HAVE WITH THESE DEVILS, HAGEN' ONE DIAMOND... FOR ONE HEAD!

BEARDSLEY MOVES ON DOWN THE JUNGLE TRAIL AS THE NATIVES CLOSE IN ON CLARK HAGEN...
WHY... YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING.. I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, BEARDSLEY' I'LL GET YOU!

ONE OF THE NATIVES STEPS FORWARD' IN HIS HANDS HE HOLDS A HUGE MACHETE' HE RAISES IT ABOVE HIS HEAD AND...
EEEEEEEEE...
ZOK
4

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...BACK IN HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...VINCENT BEARDSLEY ADMIRES HIS COLLECTION OF UNCUT DIAMONDS...

HEH, HEH! FOUR PRICELESS GEMS! AND NOW...I WAIT FOR FRANKLIN BARKER.. MY FIFTH...

SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR! BEARDSLEY OPENS IT...

WHY..THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

THEN VINCENT LOOKS DOWN! ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THE DOOR IS A CRUDELY WRAPPED PACKAGE..

WHAT'S THIS? A PACKAGE...ADDRESSED TO ME!

VINCENT PICKS UP THE PACKAGE AND CARRIES IT INSIDE...

STRANGE! I WONDER WHO LEFT IT! I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT!

BEARDSLEY UNWRAPS THE PACKAGE...

OH, MY GOD! IT...IT'S A SHRUNKEN HEAD! HAGEN'S HEAD!

TERRIFIED BY THE REPULSIVE CONTENTS OF THE PACKAGE, BEARDSLEY DROPS IT FROM HIS GRASP AND BACKS AWAY..

WHAT..WHAT KIND OF A MORBID JOKE IS THIS? WHO...WHO'D SEND THIS..

SUDDENLY, AS VINCENT RETREATS FROM THE LOATHSOME HEAD LYING GROTESQUELY ON THE PLUSH CARPET, HE GASPS...

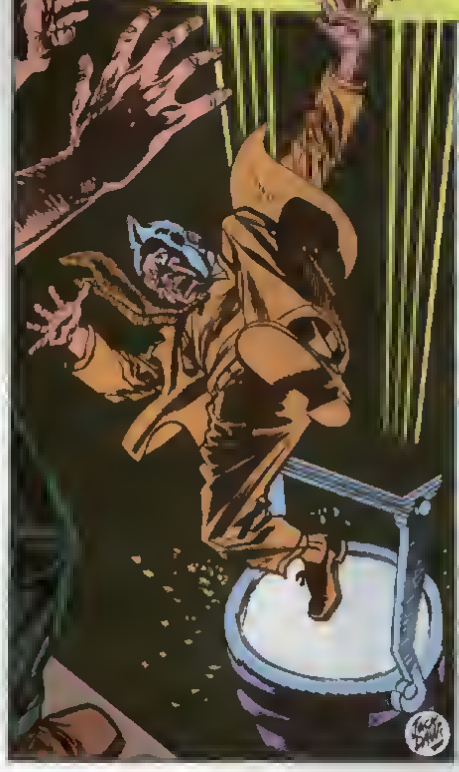
THE EYES! THE EYES ARE OPENING! IT...IT'S STARING AT ME!

ROOTED TO THE SPOT BY PARALYZING FEAR, VINCENT WATCHES HORRIFIED AS THE WIDE-EYED SHRUNKEN HEAD BEGINS TO ROLL TOWARD HIM.
NO! NO! IT IT'S AFTER ME!
VINCENT TURNS TO RUN! THE SHRUNKEN HEAD SPRINGS AT HIM, SINKING ITS RAZOR SHARP TEETH INTO HIS ANKLE! HE GOES SPRAWLING
yAAAAAAAAH!
OUTSIDE VINCENT BEARDSLEY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS...AND AS FRANKLIN BARKER STEPS OUT...
YEEEEAAAAAAAGH
GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS THAT?
IT CAME FROM MR. BEARDSLEY'S APARTMENT, SIR!
THE ELEVATOR BOY AND MR. BARKEN RUSH INTO VINCENT'S APARTMENT.
LOOK! ON THE FLOOR!
HOW HORRIBLE!
HE'S DEAD! HIS NECK HAS BEEN TORN AND SLASHED AS IF HE'D BEEN ATTACKED BY A SMALL FEROCIOUS ANIMAL!
LOOK, SIR! LOOK AT THIS!
IN THE BOX ON THE TABLE IS A SHRUNKEN HEAD. AS IF IT HAD JUST BEEN UNWRAPPED.
IT...IT'S A SHRUNKEN HEAD! NO! THAT COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!
ARE YOU SURE, SIR? LOOK AT THE MOUTH! THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER IT. FRESH BLOOD!
HEE, HEE! YES! THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE MOUTH OF THE JIVARO SHRUNKEN HEAD! BEARDSLEY'S BLOOD! HOW COULD A SHRUNKEN HEAD, LONG DEAD, ATTACK AND KILL A MAN, YOU ASK? WELL, WHY NOT TAKE A TRIP UP THE PASTAZA RIVER, IN EASTERN EQUADOR. TO THE JIVARO HEAD-HUNTERS! ASK THEM! I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE AN EXPLANATION YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER! AND NOW, IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT.. GO ON TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER! HE'S WAITING!

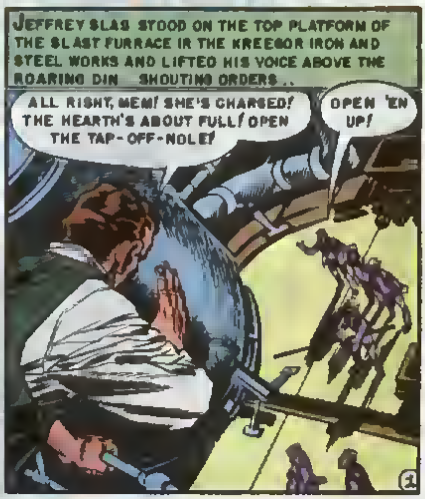
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NOW THAT MY FELLOW GHOULURATICS HAVE FINISHED THEIR INANE NARRATIONS, IT'S TIME FOR ME, *THE CRYPT-KEEPER*, TO WIND UP THE OLD WITCH'S MAGAZINE WITH A *GOOD TERROR-TALE!* AH, LET ME SEE! YES! I KNOW ONE, FROM MY VAST COLLECTION HERE IN *THE CRYPT*, THAT I'M *SURE* WILL MAKE THE *BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS!* IT'S A *HORROR STORY* THAT WILL *MELT* YOUR *COLD HEARTS!* I CALL IT

THE IRONY OF DEATH!



JEFFREY SLAG STOOD ON THE TOP PLATFORM OF THE SLAG FURNACE IN THE KREEGOR IRON AND STEEL WORKS AND LIFTED HIS VOICE ABOVE THE ROARING DIN SHOUTING ORDERS..

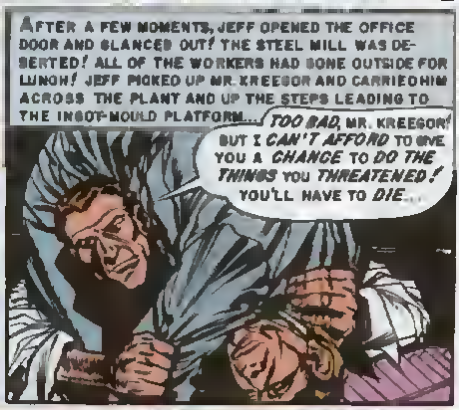


AS JEFF SLAG THE PLANT SUPERINTERDENT SIGNALED THE GO-AHEAD, A DOOR AT THE BASE OF THE HUGE BLAST FURNACE WAS OPENED, AND MOLTEN WHITE METAL RAN OUT DOWN THE CLAY-LINED TROUGH
HERE SHE COMES!
THE GUSHING STREAM OF LIQUID IRON RUSHED ON DOWN THE TROUGH AND SPILLED OVER INTO A WAITING LADLE-CAR
OKAY! SHE'S ALMOST FULL! CLOSE UP THE TAP-HOLE
AS THE LAST OF THE MOLTEN IRON SLID INTO THE LADLE-CAR, NOW FILLED TO THE BRIM,
TAKE 'ER DOWN TO THE INGOT-MOULDS AND HAVE 'EM POURED, JOE!
OKAY, MR SLAG!
JEFF SLAG WATCHED AS THE LADLE-CAR WITH ITS WHITE-HOT LIQUID CARGO MOVED SLOWLY UP THE TRACKS TOWARD THE CRANE THAT WOULD LIFT IT INTO THE WAITING MOULDS
HEY, SLAG! MR KREEGOR WANTS YOU IN HIS OFFICE... RIGHT AWAY!
OKAY, TIM! TAKE OVER FOR ME, HUH?
JEFF MADE HIS WAY DOWN FROM HIS PERCH HIGH ON THE BLAST FURNACE AND CROSSED THE PLANT TO MR KREEGOR'S SOUND-PROOFED OFFICE...
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. KREEGOR?
YES, SLAG! COME IN! SIT DOWN!
MR KREEGOR, THE OWNER OF THE KREEGOR IRON AND STEEL WORKS, LIGHTED A CIGAR AND LEANED BACK IN HIS PLUSH CHAIR
ALL RIGHT, SLAG! I'M A BUSINESS MAN! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE?
I DON'T GET YOU, MR KREEGOR!
WHAT'S YOUR PRICE TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER? I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER! IT'S HER MONEY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN! NOTHING ELSE! NOW I'M WILLING TO MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO LAY OFF
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR KREEGOR. BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE! YOUR DAUGHTER AND I ARE MARRIED ALREADY!
2

WHAT? WHY.. I'LL HAVE IT ANNULLED! I'LL BLACKLIST YOU IN EVERY STEEL PLANT IN THE COUNTRY!
NO, MR. KREEGOR! YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT. ..BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU!

I WORKED HARD TO MAKE YOUR DAUGHTER SANDRA FALL FOR ME! WHEN YOU DIE ..THIS PLANT GOES TO HER.. AND ME!
NEVER! NEVER! I'LL DISOWN HER! CUT HER OFF WITHOUT A CENT! YOU'RE NO GOOD, SLAG! I KNOW YOUR KIND! I... KEEP AWAY.. KEEP AWAY...

THE SHRIEK OF THE NOON WHISTLE DROWNED OUT OLD MR. KREEGOR'S CRY AS JEFF SLAG STRUCK HIM..
WHEEEEEE


AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, JEFF OPENED THE OFFICE DOOR AND GLANCED OUT! THE STEEL MILL WAS DESERTED! ALL OF THE WORKERS HAD GONE OUTSIDE FOR LUNCH! JEFF PICKED UP MR. KREEGOR AND CARRIED HIM ACROSS THE PLANT AND UP THE STEPS LEADING TO THE INGOT-MOULD PLATFORM...
TOO BAD, MR. KREEGOR! BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DO THE THINGS YOU THREATENED! YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE...

WHEN JEFF REACHED THE PLATFORM, HE COVERED THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF MR. KREEGOR WITH A TARPAULIN AND WAITED TWENTY THIRTY FORTY-FIVE MINUTES! FINALLY
WHEEEEEE
THERE NOW THEY'LL BE COMING BACK FROM LUNCH!

JEFF GLANCED DOWN AT THE LADLE-CAR BELOW HIM FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH MOLTEN WHITE-HOT IRON
JUST AS SOON AS ENOUGH MEN COME IN, I'LL TOSS HIM OVER

SUDDENLY THE STEEL MILL WAS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM..
MY GOD! LOOK!
SOMEONE.. FALLING!

THE MOLTEM METAL HISSED AND SPUTTERED..
GOOD LORD! HE FELL RIGHT INTO THE LAOLE-CAR!
IT WAS OLD MAN KREEGOR! I SAW HIS FACE!
I..I DON'T FEEL SO.. GOOD!
JEFF, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONCERN OF THE MEN OVER MR KREEGOR'S DEATH, SLIPPED DOWN FROM THE PLATFORM AND
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM?
MR. KREEGOR HE MUST'A BEEN UP ON THE INGOT-MOULD PLATFORM! HE FELL OFF
YEH! MIGHT INTO THE LAOLE-CAR!
OH, NO! NO! AIN'T YOU SURE?
I SEEM HIS FACE! IT WAS HIM, ALL RIGHT!
..AND I ..I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO TELL HIM ABOUT SANOMA AND ME!
YOU..YOU AND KREEGOR'S DAUGHTER MARRIED, JEFF?
THAT MAKES YOU BOSS!
LOOK, FELLOWS! I BETTER GET ON HOME AND SNEAK THE NEWS TO SANOMA! KEEP EVERYTHING GOIN' WHILE I'M GONE, EH?
WHAT ABOUT THIS LAOLE-CAR, JEFF? SHOULD WE SIDE-TRACK IT?
YOU HEAR ME! I SAID KEEP EVERY-THING GOING! THAT MEANS EVERY-THING!
YOU YOU MEAN POUR 'EM INTO INGOTS..
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! NO USE WASTING GOOD PIG IRON! WHEN THE INGOTS COOL PUT 'EM ASIDE! I'LL WANT 'EM FOR MY OWN USE!
YEAH, JEFF!
WE GOTCHA JEFF!

HEH, HEH! YES, THAT'S HOW JEFFREY SLAG BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE KREEGOR IRON AND STEEL WORKS! HE JUST TOSSED POOR OLD UNCONSCIOUS MR. KREEGOR INTO THE LADLE OF MOLTEN IRON. SCREAMED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND HE WAS *INSTANTLY PROMOTED!* THEY CALLED IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! THE INGOTS OF METAL THAT CONTAINED MR. KREEGOR'S REMAINS WERE STORED AWAY..

..BUT NOT FOR LONG! JEFF HAD ONE OF THEM PROCESSED INTO A RUGGED SAFE... TO HOLD HIS 'INHERITED FORTUNE'..

HEH, HEH! A *FITTING MONUMENT* TO YOUR *MEMORY*.. MR. KREEGOR!

HE HAD ANOTHER OF THE INGOTS CONTAINING MR. KREEGOR'S REMAINS PROCESSED INTO WROUGHT IRON GARDEN FURNITURE...

AH! THIS IS THE LIFE! THANKS TO *YOU*, MR. KREEGOR!

A THIRD INGOT WAS FASHIONED INTO COUNTLESS ASHTRAYS, WHICH JEFF PLACED ABOUT HIS LUXURIOUS MANSION... GRINDING CIGARETTES OUT IN THEM..

DEGRADING, ISN'T IT, KREEGOR? THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW, AREN'T THEY?

AND POOR SANDRA... POOR, DISILLUSIONED SANDRA. BECAME MORE AND MORE UNHAPPY AS THE MONTHS PASSED

JEFF! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US, JEFF? YOU ACT AS THOUGH YOU *DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE!*

HOW DID YOU *GUESS?* I'VE *GOT* WHAT I WANT NOW, SANDRA... THE MILL... THE MONEY! THAT'S THE *ONLY REASON* I *MARRIED* YOU!

OH, JEFF SOB JEFF! AND I..BELIEVED YOU..LOVED ME!

OH, STOP YOUR WHIMPERING! IF YOU DON'T *LIKE* IT..., *DIVORCE* ME! BUT MY *PRICE* WILL BE *HIGH*.. *VERY HIGH!* I'LL WANT THE *MILL*... THE *WHOLE WORKS*...!

SO SANDRA LEFT JEFF..

GOOD-BYE, JEFF! I'M *LEAVING* YOU.. LEAVING YOU WITH *EVERYTHING!* I'LL GET ALONG—

YEAH! GUNE! SO LONG! GOOD RIDDANCE!

THERE WERE OTHER THINGS JEFF DID WITH THE INGOTS OF IRON FROM THE LADLE THAT MR. KREEGOR HAD FALLEN INTO! JEFF HAD GARDEN TOOLS FASHIONED...
SCROUNGE, MR. KREEGOR! SCROUNGE IN THE FILTH AND MUD LIKE I HAD TO DO...FOR YEARS...
...OTHER DEGRADING FORMS...
THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOU...MR. KREEGOR.
...AND THEN ONE DAY...
WELL, FIND THEM! THERE WERE TWO INGOTS LEFT...
YES, MR. SLAG!
THE LAST OF THE INGOTS CONTAINING MR. KREEGOR'S REMAINS HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE STORE ROOM! JEFF WAS FURIOUS...
I SUSPECT, SIR, THAT THEY WERE SHIPPED OUT TO DETROIT ALONG WITH ANOTHER ORDER!
WELL, GET THEM BACK! I WANT THEM BACK!
AT A BOARD MEETING SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...
...AND THAT'S THE PLAN, MR. SLAG! AN EXHIBIT OF THE HISTORY OF THE USES OF IRON THROUGH THE CENTURIES! IT WILL BE VERY IMPRESSIVE!
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT! OKAY! GO AHEAD! IT'S A GOOD ADVERTISING STUNT!
MEANWHILE, THE SHIPMENTS OF IRON INGOTS WERE BEING CHECKED...
I'M SURE OF IT! THE DETROIT ORDER HAS BEEN CHECKED CAREFULLY!
OH, DEAR! MR. SLAG WILL BE VERY ANGRY. VERY...
WEEKS PASSED! ONE DAY...
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE EXHIBIT SO FAR, MR. SLAG?
VERY NICE! WHAT'S THIS?

OH, THESE ARE EXAMPLES OF SOME OF THE MORE INFAMOUS USES OF IRON THROUGH THE AGES! WE CONSTRUCTED EXACT REPLICAS OF MANY OF THE TORTURE DEVICES USED IN THE MIDDLE AGES EMPLOYING IRON...
HMMM! VERY INTERESTING! WHAT'S THIS ONE CALLED?
THIS IS A COPY OF THE NOTORIOUS IRON-MAIDEN DEVICE...
I SEE! THEY'D PUT A PERSON INSIDE... LIKE SO?
PLEASE, SIR! BE CAREFUL! THOSE SPIKES ARE RAZOR SHARP!
FITS PERFECTLY!
SUDDENLY THE SPIKED DOOR OF THE IRON-MAIDEN CLOSED SLIGHTLY... PINNING JEFF SLAG INSIDE..
STOP IT! STOP IT! IT'S CLOSING...
PLEASE, MR. SLAG! I DON'T SEE ANY HUMOR IN YOUR ANTICS..
SLOWLY STEADILY.. THE SPIKED DOOR CLOSED ON THE FRENZIED SCREAMING STEEL-WORKS OWNER...
I'M...NOT...JOKING! THE SPIKES...THEY'RE...
QUICKLY! OPEN IT!
I CAN'T! IT'S STUCK!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
UNABLE TO OPEN THE SPIKED DOOR, THE BOARD MEMBERS WATCHED HORRIFIED AS THE IRON-MAIDEN CLOSED.. WATCHED THE BLOOD TRICKLE OUT OF THE BOTTOM AND FORM A POOL ON THE FLOOR.. LISTENED AS JEFF'S SHRIEKING FINALLY DIED AWAY..
HOW HORRIBLE!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT JUST SEEMED TO CLOSE... BY ITS OWN ACCORD!
MEANWHILE... IN THE SHIPPING ROOM...
WAIT A MINUTE! HERE'S SOMETHING! YES! THIS IS IT! THE TWO MISSING INGOTS WERE USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN IRON-MAIDEN... FOR THE EXHIBIT..
HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FRIENDS! I HOPE YOU GOT THE POINT! JEFF DID! OF COURSE... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT. THE IRON-MAIDEN CLOSING...BUT THEN AGAIN...HAVING BEEN MADE OF THE IRGOTS CONTAINING POOR MR. KREEGOR'S REMAINS... IT MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN! EH? DON'T FORGET TO READ THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE FOR INFORMATION ON GETTING BACK ISSUES! BYE NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IR MY MAG... TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP WITH A TRANSFER TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD .

SUBSCRIBE!

TO RUSS COCHRAN'S REPRINTS OF THE ORIGINAL 1950s **EC** COMICS! LEAVE THE WORRIES TO US, AND **GET OUT** AND TAKE **A WALK IN THE SUN!!**

DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER TO YOU, IN A HANDSOME, STURDY MANILA ENVELOPE MAILED FLAT TO YOUR OWN MAILBOX!

RUSS COCHRAN, PUBLISHER
PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
or call 1-800-EC CRYPT

ALL SUBS START WITH NEXT ISSUE

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING **EC COMICS:**

- ☐ **CRYPT**
- ☐ **VAULT**
- ☐ **HAUNT**
- ☐ **WEIRD SCIENCE**
- ☐ **WEIRD FANTASY**
- ☐ **WEIRD Sci-Fan**
- ☐ **SHOCK**
- ☐ **CRIME**
- ☐ **TWO-FISTED**

NAME & ADDRESS

REMIT $8 EACH ($12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

LOSE YOUR SCISSORS? USE YOUR OWN PAPER!

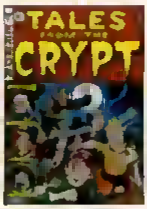
YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF **EC** REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR. THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR **EC** COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!

GLAD CRYPT #1

GLAD CRYPT #2



GLAD CRYPT #3

GLAD CRYPT #4

GLAD CRYPT #5

GLAD CRYPT #6

GLAD VAULT #1

GLAD VAULT #2

GLAD VAULT #3

GLAD VAULT #4

GLAD VAULT #5

GLAD VAULT #6

GLAD WEIRD #1

GLAD WEIRD #2

GLAD WEIRD #3

GLAD WEIRD #4

GLAD HAUNT #1

GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT
#1 CRYPT 33 (1952) CRIME 17 (1953)
#2 CRYPT 35 (1953) CRIME 18 (1951)
#3 CRYPT 30 (1953) CRIME 1 (1950)
#4 CRYPT 18 (1950) CRIME 18 (1953)
#5 CRYPT 46 (1954) CRIME 8 (1951)
#6 CRYPT 42 (1954) CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT
#1 VAULT 34 (1953) HAUNT 1 (1950)
#2 VAULT 27 (1952) HAUNT 18 (1953)
#3 HAUNT 22 (1953) VAULT 13 (1950)
#4 VAULT 23 (1952) HAUNT 18 (1952)
#5 VAULT 16 (1951) W FAN 8 (1951)
#6 VAULT 30 (1953) W FAN 8 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE
#1 W SCI 22 (1953) W FAN 1 (1950)
#2 W SCI 16 (1950) W FAN 17 (1950)
#3 W SCI 8 (1951) W FAN 14 (1950)
#4 W S-F 27 (1958) W FAN 11 (1952)

GLAD HAUNT
#1 HAUNT 17 (1953) W S-F 39 (1958)
#2 HAUNT 8 (1950) W S-F 29 (1958)

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **GLAD TITLE ISSUE #**. FOR EXAMPLE "**GLAD CRYPT #1**." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS $5, GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE $4 EACH. ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE $3 EACH. INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($10 OUTSIDE US)

Send orders to:

Missouri residents must add 8.225% sales tax

Russ Cochran, Publisher **417-256-2224** **P.O. Box 469** **West Plains, MO 65775**

OR to order call **1-800-EC CRYPT** and ask for the order desk. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

THE MAN OF YOUR SCREAMS

The lovable ghoul with an attitude now has his very own trading card series and he'll scare you silly. The wise-guy Cryptkeeper from HBO's TALES FROM THE CRYPT is deliciously demented in all kinds of horribly funny situations

The 110-card set features the Cryptkeeper (and a few unsuspecting victims), photos of the original comic book series, the gory details on what goes on "behind the screams" of the TV show, plus randomly packed Cryptkeeper holograms and a TEKCHROME™ premium card.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT trading cards are too funny for TV. Collect the entire set. Your friends will just die of envy.

CARDZ™

Available wherever trading cards are sold.

©TALES FROM THE CRYPT™ is a trademark of TALES FROM THE CRYPT™ Holdings. ©CARDZ Distribution, Inc. 1995

Russ is dealing from a full deck, so ante up and write or call for details on these putrid peataboards today!

RUSS COCHRAN POB 469 WEST PLAINS MO 65775

417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.